



THE Dismall Day, at the Black-Fryers.

Or, A deplorable Elegie, on the death of almost an Hundred Persons, who were lamentably flaine by the fall of a House in the Black-Fryers, being all assembled there (after the manner of their Devotions) to heare a Sermon on Sunday-Night, the 26. of October last past. *An. 1623.*

Catalogue OF THE Names of such persons as were slain at BLACK- FRIERS.

Master *Drury*,
the Priest.
Master *Rede*, Priest.
Lady *Webbe*.
Lady *Black-*
stones daughter.
The *Web*,
her Man.
William Re-
binson, Tailor.
Robert Smith
an Apothecaries Man.
Mr. *Dauison*
Daughter.
Anthony Hall
his man.
Anne Hobdin.
Mary Hob-
din.
John Galeway.
Mr. *Peirson*,
his Wife &
two Sonnes.
Mistress *Idal*.
Abigail, her
Maide, and
two more in
her House.
John Nettan.
Nathaniel
Coates.
John Halifax.
Mist. *Rugbie*.
John Worralls
Sonne.
Mr. *Becket*.
Thomas Mer-
jit, his Wife,
Sonne and
Maide.
Mist. *Summit*.
Mary her
Maide.
And *Whites*
Daughter.

FROM the vast Chaos of distempred Mindes
My Muse doth flatter forth her moystned wings,
Vpheld with Gusts and Gales of sighing windes,
In this sad * Swan-like Elegie she sings,
For inbred griefes her heart so neerly stings,
That from thee (gentle Reader) we must borrow
Some Teares of pittie in such Threanes of sorrow.

Oh graue *Melpomine* assist my Pen,
Whilst I in dolefull manner doe recite
The heauy death of neere an hundred men,
Whose Tragick ends my Soule doth much affright,
With fearfull horror of that dismall Night.
Ah, Fatal Vesper; whose like hath not bene
Since the Sicilian Vespers euer scene.

Though Gods great Mercies, (which so boundlesse are
And infinite) his other workes transcend,
Where he might strike he oftentimes doth spare,
In expectation when we should amend;
(Yea, though we daily, hourly, doe offend)
Yet are his iudgements likewise iust and true,
To giue to Sinners their deserued due.

Such is the might of our All-powerfull God,
That those which dare his Greatnesse to resist,
Shall feele his furious scourge and Iron Rod,
His wrath can ouerake them when he list,
At whose Commands the Winds and Seas are whist.
Let Christians all that his dread voyce shall heare,
Serue him in faithfull heart and trembling feare.

View hete a Spectacle of mournfull ruth,
Which (for our crimes) the Lord hath lately sent,
London can witnesse well it was a Truth,
A strange, vntimely, fearfull Accident,
Which well may make a stony heart relent;
In the Black-Fryers, (blacke disastrous fate!)
A heauy wofull Story to relate.

That Sunday Night, led by their deepe Devotions,
Three hundred Persons were assembled there,
Of diuers Sects, sundry Degrees and Nations,
Some English, Scottish, Welch, and Irish were,
Prepar'd (it seemes) a Sermon for to heare,
Which there a Iesuiste was to solemnize,
One *Drury* fitted to that Exercise.

And hauing Crost himselfe in publike view,
He enters straight the Chayre and Preaching place,
The people yeeld him reuerence, as was due,
And to his Sermon numbers flock'd apace,
He being (with them) a Man of chiefest grace;
Who there his Text did open and vnfold,
Shewing such doctrines as their Church did hold.

Thus while he Preacht, deliuering forth at large
Such Points of strange Beliefe as they are taught,
The Peoples waight the Chamber did surcharge,
Which breaking downe their sad Confusion wrought
When of this Accident they neuer thought:

The Chamber full three Stories from the ground,
Which brast in sunder with a hideous sound.

And when the vpper Floore that first did breake,
Falls on the second, where they hop't to stay,
Yet on the sudden ere a man could speake,
They on the ground all bruiz'd and smothered lay,
Some stifled vp with Loose Stones, Dust, and Clay:
And some for helpe and succour loudly calling,
All broken, bruiz'd, and mangled in their falling.

The Husband cries out, Oh my louing wife,
The Wife cries out, Oh saue my Husband deare,
The Father cries, Would I had lost my life,
His Childrens woes doe touch his heart so neare,
All things so rufull, dreadfull, doe appeare:
Thus Tyrant death with his all-peircing dart,
Acts many a fatall Scene, and bloody part.

The Brother bids the Sister quite adue,
The Sister cries, Farewell my louing Brother,
The Infants losse doth make the mother rue,
The Child cries out, Oh where's my carefull Mother?
All these (alas) stones, lyme, and timber smother.
Yea many there which on their friends had gazed,
Yet knew them not, they were so much amazed.

The Seruant cries, Oh I haue lost my Master,
The Master for his Seruant doth complaine,
The faithfull Friend laments his Friends disaister,
Wishing that for his sake himselfe were flaine:
Thus teares gush out on euery side amaine.
Some fwoond with feare, vnable for to speake,
Which might a Christians heart with sorrow break.

Thus some were buried vp alieue in dust,
Some mangled, bruiz'd, wounded with the fall,
Some brain'd with Timber, some in pieces crust,
Of those that scap'd the number was but small;
A fearfull Doome and Summons to vs All:
Calling vs to repentance many wayes,
Considering well the shortnesse of our dayes.

O Lord defend thy Church and Common-weale,
Maintaine thy Gospell free in this our Land,
And since to vs thy Truth thou dost reueale,
In zeale vnto it let vs euer stand:
Protect our King still from his Enemies hand:
And when we must resigne our vitall breath,
Saue vs O Lord, from strange and sudden Death.

Mr. *Stakers*.
Elizabeth
sumpter.
M. Westwood
Indith Bel-
lowes.
S. Lewis Pen-
bertons Man.
Elizabeth
Moore.
John James.
Morris Ben-
creffe.
Dany Vaugh-
ban.
Anne Field
Mr. *Ployden*.
Robert Hes-
sim.
One Medalf.
M. Mansfield.
M. Simons.
Doreby
Simons.
Thomas Si-
mons.
Robert Pan-
nerker.
Mistis Mor-
ton and her
Maid.
Francis
Downes.
Edmund
Shay.
Iosua Perry
Job Tullye.
Robert
Drury.
Thomas
Draper.
John Staiger.
Thomas Ess.
Michael
Butler.
Edmund
Rinalt.
Eam. Wells.
Bartholomew
Batin.
Dany.
Rich. Price.
Thos Wood.
Christ. Hobs
John Butler.
John Brabant.
And *M. Bue-*
lets man, &c.